



Totterdown Hill.

Near Totterdown Hill there liv'd an
old pair,
It may be they live there still,
Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
They kept a small farm and a mill;
But fully content with what they had got,
They knew not of guile nor of art,
One daughter they had, and her name it was
Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her locks, her shape it
was strait,
Her eyes were as black as a floe,
Her teeth were milk white, full smart was
her gait,
And as sleek was her skin as a doe;
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it
did pour,
No bit of true blue to be spy'd,
A child wet and cold came and knock'd at
the door,
Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the morning in
May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast,
She chaf'd him all o'er, he smil'd as he lay,
She kist him, and lull'd him to rest;
But who do you think she had got for her
prize?

Why love, the fly master of hearts,
No sooner he wak'd but he dropt his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love, but be not afraid,
Tho' all I make shake at my will,
So good and so kind you have been. my
fair maid,

No harm you shall find from my skill;
My moth'r ne'er dealt with such kindness
to me,

A friend you shall find in me still,
Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater
than she,

The Venus of Totterdown hill.